

July 14, 1983, p. 1

RJT and I composed a letter to Dominick E. Mozza last night and then went down to Mister Donut where we sat and "philosophized" and drank coffee until about 130 AM. He reported that he had seen John as he drove to Carbondale — Job was "hanging out" on his motorcycle in the lot across from the Hotel Windsor in Jersey. Rites of passage. Now or never. The belief in one place and one time and magic. Can it be orchestrated. Sometimes one does have the impression that it can. But what about the times when it doesn't work. And that is why works of art are so manifestly satisfying — the variables are more easily controlled and then again it is a question of "le spectateur" and "l'œuvre" and so the chances are greater. How many times have I been through this. And if the variables are all in order and properly structured than the "porter de l'infini s'ouvrent devant le spectateur". But this is not the time for all that; CAAW contains my highly focused thoughts on aesthetics. RJT and I spoke so much about the living theatre last night and I got so excited thinking about the possibilities that I had some difficulty in falling asleep last night — which is most unusual for me these days. I knew that I had to get up early and go to the office and type the Mozza and Maguire letters and then meet RJT at 1030 AM at Mr. Donnell's. It was my supreme pleasure to be woken so much by — of all things — the street sweeper. I couldn't believe my ears. I thought that surely I must have been dreaming. The City has not swept the streets a single time since my arrival in town in April. Clearly the sweeping was in preparation for the arrival of Bishop O'Connor this afternoon. I got out of bed and went to the windows and — — —